But ſmothered it within my panting bulke,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.
Brok. Awakt you not with this ſore agonie?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoule,
Who paſt (me thought) the melancholy floud,
With that grim ferriman which Poets write of,
Vnto the kingdome of perpetuall night:
The firſt that there did greete my ſtranger ſoule,
Was my great father in law, renowmed Warwick,
Who cried aloud, what ſcourge for periurie
Can this darke monarchie afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſht: then came wandring by,
A ſhadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in bloud, and he ſqueakt out aloud,
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periurd Clarence,
That ſtabd me in the field by Teuxburie:
Seaze on him furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule fiends
Enuironed me about, and howled in mine eares,
Such hidious cries, that with the very noiſe,
I trembling, wakt, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impreſſion made the dreame.
Bro. No maruell (my Lo.) though it affrighted you,
I promiſe you, I am afraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O Brokenburie, I haue done thoſe things,
Which now beare euidence againſt my ſoule,
For Edwards ſake, and ſee how he requites me.
I pray thee gentle keeper ſtay by me,
My ſoule is heauie, and I faine would ſleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord) God giue your Grace good reſt,
Sorrow breakes ſeaſons, and repoſing howers
Makes the night morning, and the noonetide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imagination,
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and lowe names,

There's

There's nothing differs b
The mu
In Gods name what are y
Exe. I would ſpeake wi
Bro. Yea, are ye ſo brie
2. *Exe.* O ſir, it is better
Shew him our commiſſio
Bro. I am in this comman
The noble Duke of Clar
I will not reaſon what is m
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſ
Heere are the keyes there
Ile to his Maieſtie and ce
That thus I haue reſignd
Exe. Do ſo, it is a poin
2. What ſhall we ſtab h
1 No, then he will ſay t
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he ſhall neuer
1 Why then he will ſay
2 The vrging of that wo
A kinde of remorſe in me,
1 What, art thou afraid
2 Not to kill him hauin
For killing him, from whic
1 Backe to the Duke o
2 I pray thee ſtay awhil
Change, twas wont to hol
1 How dooſt thou feel
2 Faith ſome certaine
1 Remember our rewar
2 Zounds he dies, I had
1 Where is thy conſcien
2 In the Duke of Gloſte
1 So when he opens his
Thy conſcience flyes out.
2 Let it go, ther's few or
1 How if it come to the

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